SECRET

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Lunched with Julian Allen, President of the Travellers, at our Club. He told me something of the wild rise in real estate prices in Paris. Had Brose Chambers not confided to me that he had sold 13 Rue Monsieur for a million dollars, I wouldn't have believed it. Julian said that the house Alice and he rent at Neuilly had been offered to him for sale ten years ago for $50,000. Today, it is conservatively estimated to be worth $400,000. This is more exaggerated than what has taken place at home. In England, real estate prices are really fancy. I read a few days ago of an undeveloped property, twenty miles from London, changing hands at 10,000 pounds per acre.

Deployed myself around the Embassy this afternoon. Took Jessie Bruce to dinner tonight at Mere Michel, on Rue Rennequin. Madame, a Bretonne, was in her usual good form, and gave us her favorite dish, Rouget au beurre blanc. Her husband, the Norman horse trainer, my pal, has been dead some years, so we did not have any special bottles from the cellar.

November 28, 1962 - Wednesday

What luxury it is to stay at a Man's Club. I have a comfortable small room, overlooking Madame Paiva's famous stables, long since sold; it is quiet as a morgue, if morgues are indeed quiet--I've never had experience with them since my brief police reporting days, except for two expeditions to try to identify corpses.

Lunched at Lucas Carton. Monsieur Alix was there, and insisted on my drinking a glass of 50 year old port, not my favorite aperitif. But good it was, only inferior to his thoughtfulness.

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I was tempted into buying a pair of drawers, exposed in Sulka's window. I thought of presenting them to Edouard & Butler in London as a sample. The purchase completed of these cotton flimsies, I almost shuddered at the price of nine dollars: it was like a tiny piece of real estate.

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